THE MARIETTA ADVOCATE

AND FARMERS' AND MECHANIC'S INTELLIGENCER.

VOL. II. MARIETTA PA. THURSDAY, JULY 10, 1834. NO. 25.

PRINTED AND PUBLISHED BY

WILLIAM R. McCAY,

IN MARKET STREET.

TERMS OF PUBLICATION.—The MARIETTA ADVOCATE AND FARMERS' AND MECHANICS' INTELLIGENCER, will be published every THURSDAY, on a sheet of the usual size, at TWO DOLLARS per annum, if paid within the first three months, or TWO DOLLARS and FIFTY CENTS, if payment be delayed beyond that time.

No subscription received for a shorter period than six months.

Advertisements comprising one square will be inserted three weeks for $1, and to those who advertise by the year a liberal deduction will be made.

Letters on business connected with the office must be post paid.

From "Tales of the Outre Mer."

Martin Franc,

and the Monk of St. Anthony.

BY H. W. LONGFELLOW.

Quoth hee, here is a chaunce for the nones,
For heer hangeth the false Monk by cook's bones.

The Merry Jest of Dane Hew.

In times of old, there lived in the city of Rouen, a tradesman named Martin Franc, who, by a series of misfortunes, had been reduced from opulence to poverty. But poverty, which generally maketh men humble and laborious, only served to make him proud and lazy, and in proportion as he grew poorer and poorer, he grew also prouder and lazier. He contrived, however, to live along from day to day, by now and then pawning a silk robe of his wife, or selling a silver spoon, or some other trifle saved from the wreck of his better fortune; and passed his time pleasantly enough in loitering about the market place, and walking up and down on the sunny side of the streets.

The fair Marguerite, his wife, was celebrated through the whole city for her beauty, her wit, and her virtue. She was a brunette, with the blackest eye—the whitest teeth—and the ripest nut-brown cheek in all Normandy;—her figure was tall and stately—her hands and feet most delicately moulded—and her swimming motion of a swan. In happier days she had been the delight of the richest tradesmen in the city, and the envy of the fairest dames, and when she became poor, her fame was not a little increased by her cruelty to several burghers, who without consulting their wives, had generously offered to stand between her husband and bankruptcy, and to do all in their power to raise a worthy and respectable family.

The friends of Martin Franc, like the friends of many a ruined man before and since, deserted him in the day of adversity. Of all that had eaten his dinners, and drank his wine philander with his wife, none sought the narrow alley and humble dwelling of the broken tradesman save one; and that one was Friar Gui, the sacristan of the Abbey of Saint Anthony. He was a little, jolly, red-faced friar, with a leer in his eye, and rather a naughty reputation for a man of his cloth; but as he was a kind of travelling gazette and always brought the most news and the gossip of the city, and besides was the only person that condescended to visit the house of Martin Franc,—in fine for the want of a better, he was considered in the light of a friend.

In these constant assiduities, Friar Gui had his secret motives, of which the simple heart of Martin Franc was entirely unsuspicious. The keener eye of his wife however, soon discovered two faces under the hood. She observed that the Friar generally timed his visits so as to be at the house when Martin Franc was not at home,—that he seemed to prefer the edge of the evening,—and that as his visits became more frequent he always had some apology ready, such as 'being obliged to pass that way, he could not go by the door without just dropping in to see how the good man Martin did." Occasionally, too, he ventured to bring her some ghostly present—such as a picture of the Madonna and child, or one of those little naked images, which are hawked about the streets at the Nativity. Though the object of this was but too obvious, yet the fair Marguerite persevered in misconstruing the Friar's intentions, and in dexterously turning aside the expressions of gallantry that fell from his venerable lips. In this way Friar Gui was for a long time kept at bay; and Martin Franc preserved in the day of poverty and distress, that consolation of all the world's afflictions—a friend. But finally things came to such a pass that the honest tradesman opened his eyes, and wondered he had been asleep so long.—Whereupon he was irreverend enough to tweak the nose of Friar Gui, and then to thrust him into the street by the shoulders.

Meanwhile times grew worse and worse. One family relic followed another—the last silken robe was pawned—the last silver spoon sold; until at length poor Martin Franc was forced to 'drag the devil by the tail;'—in other words, beggary stared him full in the face. But the fair Marguerite did not even then despair. In those days a belief in the immediate guardianship of the saints was much more strong and prevalent than at these low and degenerate times; and as there seemed no great probability of improving their condition by any lucky change, which could be brought on by mere human agency, she determined to try what could be done by intercession with the patron saint of her husband.—Accordingly she repaired one evening to the Abbey of Saint Anthony, to place a votive candle and offer her prayer at the altar which stood in the little chapel dedicated to Saint Martin.

It was already sun-down when she reached the church, and the evening service of the Virgin had already commenced. A cloud of incense floated before the altar of the Madonna, and the organ rolled its deep melody along the dim arches of the church. Marguerite mingled with the kneeling crowd, and repeated the responses in Latin, with as much devotion as the most learned clerk of the convent. When the service was over she repaired to the chapel of St. Martin, and lighting her votive taper at the silver lamp which burned before the altar, knelt down in a retired part of the chapel, and with tears in her eyes, besought the saint for aid and protection. Whilst she was thus engaged, the church became gradually deserted, till she was left, as she thought, alone. But in this she was mistaken; for when she arose to depart the portly figure of Friar Gui was standing close at her elbow!

'A fair good evening to my lady Marguerite,' said he significantly; 'Saint Martin has heard your prayer, and sent me to relieve your poverty.'

'Then by the Virgin!' replied she, 'the good saint is not very fastidious in the choice of his messengers.'

'Nay, good wife,' answered the Friar, not at all abashed by this ungracious reply; 'if the tidings are good, what is it who the messenger may be?—and how does Martin Franc, these days?'

'He is well, Sir Gui;' replied Marguerite; 'and were he present, I doubt not would thank you heartily for the interest you still take in him and his poor wife!'

'He has done me wrong,' continued the Friar, without seeming to notice the pointedness of Marguerite's reply. 'But it is our duty to forgive our enemies, and so let the past be forgotten. I know that he is in want. Here, take this to him, and tell him that I am still his friend.'

So saying, he drew a small purse from the sleeve of his habit, and proffered it to his companion. I know not whether it were a suggestion of St. Martin, but true it is, that the fair lady of Martin Franc seemed to lend a more willing ear to the earnest whispers of the Friar. At length she said:

'Put up your purse: to-day I can neither deliver your gift nor message. Martin Franc has gone from home.'

'Then keep it for yourself.'

'Nay, Sir Monk;' replied Marguerite; casting down her eyes, 'I can take no bribes here in the church, and in the very chapel of my husband's patron saint. You shall bring it to me at my house, an' you will, Sir Gui.'

The Friar put up the purse, and the conversation, which followed, was a low and indistinct undertone, audible only to the ears for which it was intended. At length the interview ceased; and,—O woman! the last words the virtuous Marguerite uttered, as she glided from the church, were:

'To-night;—when the Abbey clock strikes twelve:—remember!'

It would be useless to relate how impatiently the friar counted the hours and the quarters as they chimed from the ancient tower of the Abbey, while he paced to and fro along the gloomy cloister. At length the appointed hour approached; and just before the convent bell sent forth its summons to call the Friars of St. Anthony to their midnight devotions, a figure, with a cowl, stole out of a postern gate and passing silently along the deserted streets, and soon turned in the little alley, which led to the dwelling of Martin Franc. It was none other than Friar Gui. He rapped softly at the tradesman's door; and casting a look up and down the street, as if to assure himself that his motions were unobserved, slipped into the house.

'Has Martin Franc returned!' enquired he in a whisper.

'No;' answered the sweet voice of his wife; 'he will not be back to night.'

Then all good angels befriend us!' continued the monk endeavoring to take her hand.

'Not so, Sir Monk,' said she disengaging herself. 'You forget the conditions of the meeting.'

The Friar paused a moment, and then drawing a heavy leathern purse from his girdle, he threw it on the table. At the same moment a footstep was heard behind him, and a heavy blow from a club threw him prostrate upon the floor. It came from the strong hand of Martin Franc himself!

It is hardly necessary to say that his absence was feigned. His wife had invented the story to decoy the lecherous monk, and thereby to keep her husband from beggary and relieve herself, once for all, from the importunities of a false friend. At first Martin Franc would not listen to the proposition; but at length yielded to the urgent entreaties of his wife, and the plan finally agreed upon was, that Friar Gui, after leaving his purse behind him, should be sent back to the convent with a severer discipline than his shoulders had ever received from any penitent of his own.

The affair, however took a more serious turn than was intended; for when they tried to raise the friar from the ground,—he was dead. The blow aimed at his shoulders fell upon his shaven crown: and in the excitement of the moment Martin Franc had dealt a heavier stroke than he intended. Amid the grief and consternation which followed this discovery, the quick imagination of his wife suggested an expedient of safety. A bunch of keys at the friar's girdle caught her eye. Hastily unfastening the ring, she gave the keys to her husband exclaiming:

'For the holy Virgin's sake, be quick! One of these keys unlocks the postern gate of the convent garden. Carry the body thither and leave it among the trees.'

Martin Franc threw the dead body of the monk across his shoulders, and with a heavy heart took the way to the abbey.—It was a clear starry night and though the moon had not yet risen, her light was in the sky, and came reflecting down in a twilight upon the earth.

Not a sound was heard through all the long and solitary streets save at intervals the distant crowing of a cock, or the melancholy hoot of an owl from the lofty tower of the abbey. The silence weighed like an accusing spirit upon the guilty conscience of Martin Franc. He started at the sound of his own breathing, as he panted under the heavy burthen of the monk's body; and if perchance a bat flitted near him on drowsy wings, he paused, and his heart beat audibly with terror.—At length he reached the garden wall of the abbey,—opened the postern gate with the key, and bearing the monk into the garden, seated him upon the stone bench by the edge of the fountain, with his head resting against a column, upon which was sculptured an image of the Madonna.—He then placed the bunch of keys at the monk's girdle, and returned home with heavy steps.

When the Prior of the convent, to whom the repeated delinquencies of Friar Gui were but too well known, observed that he was again absent from his post at midnight prayers; he waxed exceedingly angry; and no sooner were the duties of the chapel finished, he sent a monk in pursuit of the truant sacristan, summoning him to appear immediately at his cell.—By chance it happened, that the monk, chosen for this duty, was a bitter enemy of Friar Gui; and very shrewdly supposing that the sacristan had stolen out of the garden gate on some midnight adventure he took that direction in pursuit. The moon was just climbing the convent wall, and threw its silvery light through the trees of the garden, and on the sparkling waters of the fountain, that fell with a soft lulling sound into the deep basin below. As the monk passed on his way, he stopped to quench his thirst with a draught of the cool water, and was turning to depart his eye caught the motionless form of the sacristan, sitting erect in the shadow of the stone column.

'How is this, Friar Gui?' quoth the monk. 'Is this a place to be sleeping at midnight, when the brotherhood are all in their dormitories!'

Friar Gui made no answer.

'Up, up!—thou eternal sleeper, and do penance for thy negligence. The prior calls for thee at his cell!' continued the monk, growing angry, and shaking the sacristan by the shoulder,

But still no answer.

'Then by Saint Anthony I'll wake thee! So, so! Sir Gui!'

And saying this he dealt the sacristan a heavy box on the ear. The body bent slowly forward from its erect position, and giving a headlong plunge, sank with a heavy splash into the basin of the fountain. The monk waited a few moments in expectation of seeing Friar Gui rise dripping from his cold bath; but he waited in vain;—for he lay motionless at the bottom of the basin—his eyes open, and his ghastly face distorted by the ripples of the water—with a beating heart the monk stooped down and grasping the skirt of the sacristan's habit, at length succeeded in drawing him from the water. All efforts to resuscitate him were unavailing. The monk was filled with terror, not doubting that the Friar had died untimely by his hand; and as the animosity between them was no secret in the convent, he feared that when the deed was known, he should be accused of wilful murder. He therefore looked round for an expedient to relieve him of the dead body; and the well known character of the sacristan suggested one. He determined to carry the body to the most noted beauty of Rouen, and leave it on the door step, so that all suspicion of the murder might fall on the shoulders of some jealous husband. The beauty of Martin Franc's wife had penetrated the thickest walls of the convent, and there was not a friar in the whole Abbey of Saint Anthony who had not done penance for his truant imagination. Accordingly the dead body of Friar Gui was laid upon the monk's brawny shoulders—carried back to the house of Martin Franc, and placed in an erect position against the door. The monk knocked loud and long; and then gliding through a by-lane, stole back to the convent.

A troubled conscience would not suffer Martin Franc and his wife to close their eyes; but they lay awake lamenting the doleful events of the night. The knock at the door sounded like a death-knell in their ears. It continued at intervals, rap—rap—rap—with dull, low sound—as if something heavy were swinging against the pannel; for the wind had risen during the night and every angry gush that swept down the alley; swung the arm of the lifeless sacristan against the door. At length Martin Franc mustered courage enough to dress himself and go down, whilst his wife followed him with a lamp in her hand; but no sooner had he lifted the latch, than the ponderous body of Friar Gui fell stark and heavy into his arms.

'Jesu Maria!' exclaimed Marguerite, crossing herself; 'here is the monk again!"

'Yes, and dripping wet, as if he had just been dragged out of the river!'

'O we are betrayed—betrayed!' exclaimed Marguerite in agony.

'Then the devil himself has betrayed us; replied Martin Franc, disengaging himself from the embraces of the sacristan; 'for I met not a living being; the whole city was as silent as the grave.'

'Holy Saint Martin defend us!' continued his terrified wife. 'Here, take this scapulary to guard you from the evil one;—and lose no time. You must throw the body into the river; or we are lost! Holy Virgin!! how bright the moon shines!'

Saying this she threw round his neck a scapulary—with the figure of a cross on one end and an image of a Virgin on the other, and Martin Franc again took the dead Friar upon his shoulders and with fearful misgivings departed on his dismal errand. He kept as much as possible in the shadow of the houses, and had nearly reached the quay, when suddenly, he thought he heard footsteps behind him. He stopped to listen; it was no mistake—they came along the pavement, tramp! tramp! and every step grew louder and louder. Martin Franc tried to quicken his pace;—but in vain;—his knees smote together, and he staggered against the wall. His hands relaxed his grasp; and the monk slid from his back, and stood ghastly and straight beside him, supported by chance against the shoulder of his bearer. At the moment, a man came round the corner, tottering beneath the weight of a huge sack. As his head was bent downwards he did not perceive Martin Franc, till he was close upon him: and on looking up, he saw two figures standing motionless in the shadow of the wall, he thought himself waylaid, and without waiting to be assaulted, dropped the sack from his shoulders, and ran off at full speed. The sack fell heavily on the pavement, and directly at the feet of Martin Franc. In the fall the string was broken; and out came the bloody head—not of a dead monk, as it first seemed to the excited imagination of Martin Franc, but of a dead hog! When the terror and surprise caused by this singular event had a little subsided, an idea came into the mind of Martin Franc, very similar to what would have come into the mind of almost any person in similar circumstances. He took the hog out of the sack and putting the body of the monk into its place, secured it with the remnant of the broken string, and then hurried homeward with the hog on his shoulders.

He was hardly out of sight, when the man of the sack returned, accompanied by two others. They were surprised to find the sack still lying on the ground, with no one near it, and began to jeer the former bearer, telling him he had been frightened at his own shadow on the wall. Then one of them took the sack upon his shoulders, without the least suspicion of the change that had been made in its consents, and all three disappeared.

Now it happened that the city of Rouen was at that time infested with three robbers, who walked in darkness like the pestilence and always carried the plunder of their midnight marauding to the Tete-de-Bœuf, a little tavern in one of the darkest and narrowest lanes of the city. The host of the Tete-de-Bœuf was privy to all their schemes, and had an equal share in the profits of their nightly excursions. He gave a helping hand, too, by the length of his bills, and plundering the pockets of any chance traveller that was luckless enough to sleep under his roof.

On the night of the disastrous adventure of Friar Gui, this marauding party had been prowling about the city until a late hour without finding any thing to reward their labors.—At length, however, they chanced to spy a hog, hanging under a shed in a butcher's yard, in readiness for the next day's market; and as they were not very fastidious in selecting their plunder, but on the contrary rather addicted to taking whatever they could lay their hands on, the hog was straight way purloined, thrust into a large sack, and sent to Tete-de-Bœuf on the shoulders of one of the party, whilst the other two continued their nocturnal excursion. It was this person, who had been so terrified at the appearance of Martin Franc and the dead monk; and as this encounter had interrupted any further operations of the party—the dawn of the day being now at hand, they all repaired to their gloomy den in the Tete-de-Bœuf. The host was impatiently waiting their return; and, asked what plunder they had brought with them, preceeded without delay to remove it from the sack. The first thing that presented itself, on untying the string, was the monk's hood.

'The devil take the devil?' cried the host, as he opened the neck of the sack, "What's this?—Your hog has got a cowl!"

'The poor devil has become disgusted with the world, and turned monk!' said he, who held the light, a little surprised at seeing the head covered with a coarse gray cloth.

'Sure enough he has,' exclaimed another, starting back in dismay, as the shaven crown and ghastly face of the Friar appeared. 'Holy Saint Benedict be with us! It is a monk, stark dead!'

'A dead monk, indeed!' said a third, with an incredulous shake of the head. 'How could a dead monk have got into this sack?—No, No; there is some *diablerie* in this. I have heard it said that Satan can take any shape he pleases; and you may rely upon it; this is Satan himself, who has taken the shape of a monk to get us all hanged.'

'Then we had better kill the devil than have the devil kill us!'—replied the host, crossing himself. 'And the sooner we do it, the better; for it is now near day-light, and people will soon be passing in the street.'

'So say I;' rejoined the man of magic; 'and my advice is to take him to the butcher's yard, and hang him up in the place where we found the hog.'

This proposition so pleased the others, that it was executed without delay. They carried the Friar to the butcher's house, and passing a strong cord round his neck, suspended him to a beam in the shed and there left him.

When the night was at length passed, and daylight began to peep in the eastern windows of the city, the butcher arose, and repaired himself for market. He was casting up in his mind what the hog would bring at his stall, when looking upward—lo! in his place he recognized the dead body of Friar Gui.

'By Saint Dennis!' quoth the butcher, 'I always feared that the Friar would not lie quietly in his cell; but I never thought I should find him hanging under my roof. This must not be; it will be said, that I murdered him, and I shall pay for it with my life. I must contrive some way to get rid of him.

So saying, he called to his man, and showing what had been done, asked him how he should dispose of the body, so that he might not be accused of murder. The man, who was of ready wit, reflected a moment, and then answered:

'This is indeed a difficult matter; but there is no evil without its remedy. We will place the friar on horseback———'

'What!—a dead man on horseback! impossible!' interrupted the butcher. 'Who ever heard of a dead man on horseback.'

Hear me out, and then judge. We must place the body on horseback, as well as we may, and bind it fast with cords, and then set the horse out in the street, and pursue after him crying out that the monk has stolen the horse. Thus all who meet him will strike him with their staves, as he passes, and it will be thought that he came to his death in that way.

Though this seemed to the butcher rather a mad project, yet as no better one offered itself at that moment, and there was no time for reflection, mad as the project was they determined to put it into execution. Accordingly the butcher's horse was brought out, and the Friar was bound upon his back, and with much difficulty fixed in an upright position. The butcher then gave the horse a blow upon the crupper with his staff, which set him into a smart gallop down the street, and he and his man joined in pursuit, crying,

'Stop thief!—Stop thief!—The Friar has stolen my horse!'

As it was now sunrise, the streets were full of people, peasants driving their goods to market and citizens going to their daily avocations. When they saw the Friar dashing at full speed down the street, they joined in the cry of 'Stop thief—Stop that horse!' and many who endeavored the bridle as the Friar passed them at full speed, were thrown upon the pavement, and trampled under foot. Others joined in the halloo! and the pursuit; but this only served to quicken the gallop of the frightened steed, who dashed dhwn one street and up another like wind, with two or three mounted citizens clattering in full cry at his heels. At length they reached the market place. The people scattered right and left in dismay—and the steed and rider dashed onward: overthrowing in their course men and women, and stalls and piles of merchandise, and sweeping away like a whirlwind. Tramp—tramp—tramp! they clattered on; they had distanced all pursuit.—They reached the quay; the wide pavement was cleared at a bound—one more wild leap—and splash!—both horse and rider sunk into the rapid current of the river—swept down the stream—and were seen no more!

Moustaches.

"His tawny beard was th' equal grace,
Both of his wisdom and his face."

HUDIBRAS.

'What's them are things growing out of your upper lip, Mister?' asked a country Yankee, of a coxcomb, whom he met with the other day.

'Sar,' exclaimed the dandy, fiercely raising his rattan, and bristling up to the interrogator—'what business is that to you, sar?'

'Oh, no business of any consequence, to speak on,' replied the Yankee—'I jest axed for information, not being much acquainted with them are things.'

'Well, sar,' returned the gallant, angrily, 'what if you aint acquainted with em? Must a fellow of your cloth have the impudence to question a gentleman of mine?'

'Is that really your cloth, Mister, or is it the tailor's?' asked the countryman.

'The tailor's!' exclaimed the coxcomb, fiercely—'what do you mean by that? Do you mean to insinuate that I—S'death! sar, I'll not——.'

'Well, I thought as much,' returned the Yankee, carelessly sticking his hand into his breeches pocket, and standing still before the dandy, 'I thought you never intended to pay for them.'

'What is that to you whether I pay for them or not? Havn't I a right to manage as I please with my own tailor—to pay him or let it alone!'

'Why, Mister, that depends very much on what sort of a bargain you make. If your tailor agrees to let you cheat him, why that's his look out, not mine. But you havn't told me what you called them are things on your upper lip.'

'Sar, you're an impertinent puppy, sar.'

'So I heard you say. Now, father's got a tarrier dog—but he dont tarry much, I can tell you—he'll kill three rats in two seconds—but as I was saying, father, he's got a tarryer dog, that's darned rough and harry about the mouth—but, Lord! he aint a circumstance to you. He'd cling his tail between his legs if he was to see you, and cry ti-ti-ti-i! and run to the end of the world without stopping. My gracious! how like the devil you do look with them are things.'

'Look! why, sar, they are all the go now.—There's no finished gentleman now but what wears moustaches.'

'Mustychers, de you call em! Well by hoky, they are musty and rusty too. They look very much like the latter end of our dog's tail, when he brushes it on the floor. Faugh! I wouldn't touch 'em no more than—'

'Touch 'em, sar, if you offer to put a finger on them, I'll cane you within an inch of your life. I will, sar.'

'What, with that are switch, Mister? I should'nt mind it no more than I should an oat straw.'

'Well, sar, touch my moustaches and see if you don't get it.'

'Touch your mustychers. Why, I'd as lives touch two old chaws of tobacker that have just been spit out. Touch 'em indeed! Why, Mister, I would'nt touch 'em with the tongs. I can't conceive, for my life, what should induce any human crittur to wear such darned nasty looking things as them.

"Nasty looking! do you call 'em? Sar, you have no taste. Nasty looking indeed! Why, sar, they are all the admiration of the ladies."

"Ladies! ha! ha! ha! They must have a queer notion any how. But they are women who are unaccountable fond of puppies and sitch like animals; and I have seen 'em fondle and kiss 'em as it they were human critters. But, Lord! I don't see how any woman could let her lips come within gun shot of yourn. Admiration of the ladies!"

"Do you question what I say, sar?"

"Why, Mister, I dont know what kind of ladies you have in the city here. But one thing I can tell you—our country gals would'nt no more let you touch 'em than they would a toad—they're very particular what comes in contact with their lips. But, Mister, how in the name of hair and bristles do you eat? How do you go to work to get the vittles into your moth, with them are things hanging over it, like a hedge fence over the side of a ditch? Do you eat meat and sich like? or do you live on spoon vittles?"

"It's none of your business, sar, what I live on I board at seven dollars a week; and eat what I please, sar, and drink what I please."

"Seven dollars a week! my gracious! we git board and washing and all in the country, for a dollar and fifty cents, but I 'spose they ask you five dollars and a half extra for them are mustychers. Faugh! I would'nt have 'em at the table for ten dollars."

"What a fool I am to stand here talking to a fellow of your cloth."

Thus saying, the man with the moustaches flourished his dandy switch, wheeled about and walked on. He had gone but a few steps when the Yankee bawled after him—

"Hulloo! Mister—don't you want to buy a currycomb? I've got some real fine ones, with teeth on both sides—they are bang up I can tell you."

"Curse on your currycombs and you too."

"Don't swear, Mister—nor go off in a passion. I meant no offence in what I've said. But I must declare you're the darn'dest ugly looking man in the face, I ever see in all my life."

Lord Kelly had a remarkable red face. One day Foote solicited him to look over his garden wall to ripen his melons.

Jackson Celebration.

At a Jackson meeting, held in the borough of Marietta, on the evening of the 22d ult. a Committee was appointed, for the purpose of making the necessary arrangements, for celebrating the ensuing anniversary of our INDEPENDENCE. Agreeably to the arrangements made, by said committee, the friends of GENERAL JACKSON assembled at the Public House of JOHN JAY LIBHART, on the 4th day of July inst., and after having partaken of a sumptuous "Jackson Dinner," prepared for the occasion by Mr. Libhart, the Committee of arrangement announced the following persons, as Officers of the day.

President.

JACOB GRAYBILL.

Vice Presidents.

HENRY HALDEMAN, DR. JACOB GLATZ, DR. THOMAS SMITH, of Chester co., SAMUEL BOYD, SAMUEL HOPKINS, JOHN MOUK, COL. NATHANIEL LATCHEM, JOHN GUY, JACOB GORNER, LEWIS LEADER.

F. Wilson. } Secretaries.
J. J. Libhart. }

Reader of the Declaration of Independence, WILLIAM R. MCCAY.

Reader of Senator BENTON'S remarks on the Report of the Secretary of the Treasury, SAMUEL HALDEMAN.

Orator of the day, JACOB GROSH, Esq.

The Declaration of Independence, and Senator Benton's remarks having been read, the Orator of the day was called for, who delivered a very appropriate address, which was received with unbounded applause, after which the following TOASTS were drunk.

Regular Toasts.

1st. The day we celebrate: May the patriotic self devotion, which on the 4th of July 1776, induced our Fathers to pledge their *lives*, their *fortunes*, and their *sacred honor*, to accomplish the liberties of their country, inspire their sons and descendants, at this and at all future times, to imitate their virtues, their patriotism, and their self devotion, and our free institutions will endure till time shall be no more. 3 cheers.

2d. The memory of George Washington: Could he now witness the profligacy of a corrupt majority of the Senate, how deeply would the Father of his country mourn over the degradation of the heretofore respected branch of the government. Drunk standing.

3d. The memory of Thomas Jefferson: The patriotic and philanthropic services which he rendered his beloved country, are great and many, but if he had rendered no other; he being the author of the Declaration of American Independence, that alone, would render his name and his memory immortal. Drunk standing.

4th. Memory of Gen. Lafayette: His name is inseparably connected with Washington, and while the one is remembered, the other will never be forgotten. Drunk standing.

5th. The memory of the heroes and sages, who by their patriotism, and noble self devotion, during the war of independence, made our beloved country free, and an assylum for the oppressed of all nations. Drunk standing.

6th. The President of the U. S: The welfare and prosperity of his fellow citizens, has been his polar star, through a long and useful life, patriotism, justice, virtue, and wisdom have been his guide, in every situation where his grateful fellow citizens have placed him. In his present warfare against the whole corrupt monied aristocracy of the country, a grateful people will not forsake him. 9 cheers.

7th. The Vice President of the U. S: Integrity, talents, and incorruptible honesty, have exposed him to the rejection of a majority of an aristocratic Senate; but a virtuous (democratic) people, made "the *stone*, which the builders rejected, the head of the corner," and the same people will, in 1836, offer him the highest office in their gift. 6 cheers.

8th. George Wolf, Governor of Pennsylvania: Assailed by the plausible devices and artful pretexts of the "hydra head monster" to enlist him its cause, he spurned all, and in his manly message, exposed the distress panic manufactures, of groans and cries. In 1832 he defeated the combined allied forces, and in 1835, he will again prostrate them with a New Orleans defeat. 6 cheers.

9th. Pennsylvania, the Key Stone State: Neither awed by power, persuaded by entreaties, seduced by flattery, nor corrupted by gold, she marshals her unconquerable phalanx, of gallant democrats, against the enemies of liberty, and the foes of the sovereign people. 3 cheers.

10. R. B. Taney: A devoted servant of the people, he disinterestedly threw himself into the breach between our patriotic President and the monied aristocracy of the country. His rejection by an aristocratic Senate, is his best recommendation to a grateful democratic people. 6 cheers.

11. Andrew Stevenson, late Speaker of the House of Representatives: The Bank Senator, ought to have looked at their presiding officers before they voted for his rejection, and then they would have had occular demonstration, that in rejecting him as Ambassador, they were recommending him to a higher trust, for they may rely upon it, a free and grateful people will not suffer a faithful servant (and he too a favorite son of Virginia) to be disgraced with impunity.

12. The surviving soldiers of '76: We delight to honor them, may the evening of their days close in peace and happiness. 6 cheers.

13. *The Fair*: They are not "Nullifiers," they *all* go for *union*, to a *man*. 13 cheers.

Volunteer Toasts.

By Jacob Graybill, President. *The Protest:* The corrupt majority of the Senate, were afraid to let it be recorded on the journal,—because if they had; their children, descendants, and successors, might hereafter read it, and have cause to blush for the conduct of their fathers and predecessors.

By Henry Haldeman, 1st V. P. May those patriots, who have the courage and virtue to oppose a tyranical monied aristocracy, be rewarded by the present generation, and honored by posterity.

By Jacob Glatz, 2d V. P. *Andrew Jackson:* But for him, the monster Bank would now have been rechartered, with all its crimes and all its wickedness. The unbounded gratitude of a free people; will be his sure reward, and posterity will remember and venerate his name, when the purchased Clay and his base confederates will be forgotten.

By Doctor Smith, 3d V. P. *The Democracy of Marietta*: In patriotism, intelligence, and zeal, excelled nowhere.

By Samuel Hopkins, 4th V. P. *The report of the majority of the Committee of the U. S. Senate on the Post Office Department:* A tissue of falsehood, "made to order," for the purpose of gulling the people.

By John Mouk, 5th V. P. *Our adopted citizens:* Their well known attachment to real Democratic principles, have subjected them to the irreconcileable enmity of King Nicholas, and his whole army of mercenary tries, who, if they had the power, would deprive them of thdir votes, by re-enacting the "alien law" of the first Adams.

By Col. N. Latchem, by 6th V. P. May all true Democrats, follow the example set by Washington, Jefferson, and Lafayette. No monied aristocracy to rule a free people.

By John Guy, 7th V. P. *James Buchanan:* The patriotic, tallented, and incorruptible representative in Congress. The efficient and amiable Ambassador. The invariable supporter of our venerable patriotic President, in all his measures, and the claims which the State, whose favorite son he is, richly entitles him to the second office in the National Government, at the next Presidential election.

By Jacob Gorner, 8th V. P. *The distress panic manufacturers in the U. S. Senate:* Wonder what compensation the Bank allowed them for "extra" services rendered, during the last session.

By Lewis Leader, 9th V. P. The Holy Alliance of the speckled whig Convention at Harrisburg; where the Grand Master of the Anti-Masons, traded with the Grand Master of Masonry, made bargain and sale for the several great offices of the State, where Antimasons were sold to the Bank for the sake of Office.

By William R. McCay. *Martin Van Buren:* In him, a Nation's destiny may be safely reposed, his inflexible integrity, makes him a watchful depository of the Nation's honor, and his vigorous and enlightened mind would point the way to happiness and prosperity.

By Samuel S. Haldeman. *The illustrious trinity:* George Washington, Thomas Jefferson and Andrew Jackson.

By F. Wilson. May "*National Republicanism*," Antimasonicism, Nullificationism, consolidationism, U. S. Bankism, and all the combined forces of oppositionism, be "used up" in 1836, by Van Burenism.

By John Jay Libhart. *Martin Van Buren:* The brightest Star in the constellation of Democracy, untarnished by the malicious *venom* of a political desperado, or the *smoke* of a *Blue Light*.

By Jacob Grosh, Esq. *Martin Van Buren:* A tried Democrat of the old Jefferson school; in his pure and patriotic principles, the people have a sure pledge of the safety of this great republic, which in 1837, will, by a grateful nation, be placed in his hands. He being the constant and tried friend of Andrew Jackson, and the confidential friend and correspondent of Jefferson, who in a confidential letter to him, in 1824, speaking of the then amalgamation of parties, among other things, makes the following remark: "Tories are tories still, by whatever names they may call themselves.

By John Barr. Martin Van Buren, Vice President of the United States: From a private in the ranks of Democracy he has risen to be second in command. All the gold of the Bank cannot buy him, *the existence of the Mammoth depends upon his prostration*, but the People are his friends and his triumph is certain.

By R. McClure. Thomas H. Benton of the United States Senate: The indifatigable advocate of Democracy and the Constitution.

By P. J. Gorner. Roger B Taney and Andrew Stevenson: Though rejected by a corrupt branch of the Government and assailed by the hirelings of the Bank; the American people will recognise in their public services; their uniform and long continued devotion to the principles of republicanism and the ability with which tney have discharged the public trusts confided to them, a just claim to higher honors.

By J. Huss, one of the committee of arrangement, who was absent. The departed General La Fayette:—He lived *honored*, and died *wept*. May the *example* of his virtues and patriotism, rise as a *beacon* to direct the *fiery* and *restless* spirits of *our* country.

By Dr. J. Glatz. Clay, Webster, and Calhoun, a trinity of traitors:—The gold of king Nic, and their own inordinate ambition, have induced them to endeavour to betray the liberties of their country at this time, as much, as the gold of king George induced Arnold to betray the country in his time. A Washington saved it formerly, a Jackson saves it now.—May the latter traitors receive the same reward for their treason as the former did, (i. e.) be transported to Great Britain, there to be despised *political* Generals under King William.

By Samuel McKinney. Andrew Jackson, the Brutus of America: His heart and his fortune for his country. Let his name be enrolled with Washington and Lafayette, the Fathers of our country.

By Moses Montgomery. Nullifiers, Bluelights, Consolidationists: With such a political trinity the *Whigs* of 1834 may well boast of their origin.

By S. S. Rathvon. Lafayette and America: May the sun of Liberty and republicanism which set in Lafayette the *immortal*; rise *mortal* (with undying lustre) in the bosom of every true American.

By Andrew Erisman. Adam King of York county: The only member from Pennsylvania in 1832, whose integrity was impregnable to the assaults of bribery and corruption.

By Lewis Gorner. Glorious Amalgamation: This day a late Worshipful of a masonic lodge in this place, and the Grand Master of the anti tribe harmonised most *delightfully*. *Anties* how can you swallow this!

By J. Clements. The Butchers of Marietta: May public patronage be *meted* to them on the same *scale* by which they weigh *meat*.

By David Meloney. May the Antimasons of America in imitation of the Locusts this y[illegible], appear for a few weeks, not to be heard of for seventeen years.

By Wm. McClure. General Andrew Jackson, whose 8 years tour as President, will be as valuable as gold, in comparison with the constituted rights of his countrymen and long may he live to enjoy it.

By John Glatz. Andrew Jackson, President of the United States: Whether at New Orleans or at Washington; always the same bold and dauntless champion of the liberties of America. At the former he conquered British Generals and soldiers, the boasted invincibles of Wellington; at the latter he has vanquished the "*Slaves and Subjects of the British Bank.*"

By Edwin Haldeman. Mrs. Ann Royall:—May she be rewarded for her disinterested patriotism in exposing the enemies of the republic.

By John Hiestand. The sons of the Emerald Isle: Too patriotic to be corrupted by a monied monopoly.

By James Noble. President Jacksons Administration will rebound through freedoms land with admiration, and the Bank of the United States will sink in infamy. No monied monopoly can rule the people of a free nation.

By Oliver McDonald. Senator McKean:—A traitor, who sacrifices the trust confided in him, and the honor of Pennsylvania, at the shrine of the Golden Calf; the Freemen whom he has betrayed will leave him to fatten on the brilliant dross of his polluted idol.

By H. R. Musser. R. B. Taney and Andrew Stevenson: Sacrificed and rejected by the Senate, at the bidding of that "soulless monster of Corruption," the U. S. Bank.

By B. Staub. The United States: On the 4th of July 1776, the foundation of the great American republic was laid. May we with the most grateful feelings towards the great and good Washington, and towards all the heroes, sages and patriots, who by their unexampled courage, wisdom and self-devotion finally established our equal liberties and equal rights on this immovable foundation. I say then, may we imitate their deeds and virtue and patriotism.

High praises be to General Jackson; he has humbled the British Lion; he has broke the golden yoke of the Bank; he loves his country and will preserve it free and independent.

By John Fryberger. The memory of Lafayette: His spirit approves us from the skies; we will never forget that his valor and his wisdom helped to achieve our triumphs.

By George Grosh. Henry Clay: May his invocation of "war, pestilence and famine," follow him to every place in which he attempts to traduce the character of General Jackson.

By George Rathvon. Whigs: Those who at present assume this name, differ in nothing from the Tories of the revolution.

By Bayard Grosh. The Bank of the United States: Like the Locusts; after the deposites are removed, it dies.

By J. H. McCall. Perfect freedom, instead of toleration in religion.

By Denis McCollum. The tree of liberty: May the Shamrock of Ireland be engrafted onit, and its branches strew the American nation, and every portion of the Globe.

By Samuel Saylor. Senator Saml. McKean: Elected as a friend of Jackson. But a check dexterously managed by the autocrat. The strange dealing of the cards by the brag player, the promise of a patent of nobility by Daniel Webster, together with the oily tongue of the Chairman of the speckled "whig" convention at Harrisburg, forced the conviction on his mind, that the people of Pennsylvania had sold themselves soul and body to the Bank.

By George Caracher. The "ring-necked piebald opposition" alias modern "whigs:"—They were during the last war, the moral traitors of that gloomy period, the advocates of the "Bluelight" gentry, and violent opponents of James Madison; now they "would be" the exclusive whigs.

By Peter Keesey. Bank of the United States: An unconstitutional ruinous institution, brought forth by corruption, lived in a luxurious prostitution, corrupting some of the first men of our country by its wealth and interference in polities; in its death only can our country become again free.

By J. M. Watts. Judas Iscarriot, and Ezra Stiles Ely: Famous alike for an avaricious desire for money; the former betrayed his God for the silver pieces, and then——— the latter will find Bank Stock equally tempting, and happy would it be if like causes should produce like effects.

By Lewis Wislar. The day we celebrate: May it ever be supported by the true sons of Liberty, and never let themselves become subservient to old *Toreys* clothed in the red coat of Nick Biddle and his new "whig."

By E. C. Lewis. Confusion to the Bank, and the Aristocracy its supporters.

By Samuel McClelland. Geo. Wolf: His message to the Legislature on the 26th of February last, in relation to the United States Bank, deserves, and will receive the gratitude of the Democrats of the nation, and the Democrats of his native State, will not forget it at the next Governors election.

By Martin Neil. Andrew Jackson: May his days be many, and when he ascends to his native skies, may the mantle of his greatness fall on our beloved country and protect it forever.

By F. A Thomas. As true Americans, let us oppose every form of Government that endangers the rights and liberties that we now enjoy, and be determined *never* to submit to any monopoly that will endanger the future happiness of the people.

By Jacob Allgeier. New fangled whigs:—There is some hope of reformation when *thieves* are becoming ashamed of wearing stolen coats.

By John Foultz. 4th of July, 1776 :May it be forever celebrated as the birth day of Liberty, and its refulgence no longer dimmed by the Bank usurpations and Bank monopolies.

By John Hiestand. George Wolf: The man whom the people wish to honor for his invaluable services to his native state, and for his patriotism generally.

By an invited Guest. Rejected Bank Directors; The Bank called them spies because they were incorruptable; and the Bank Senators had to obey King Nicholas's orders, or repay their loans; which *latter*, was not convenient.

By Jacob Gilman. The Senate of the United States: Once the "most august and dignified body in the world" the glory and bulwark of our country. Now the *creature* of an aspiring unconstitutional, aristocratic Bank monopoly.

By Benjamin Shellanberger. Front Street celebration: Composed of Antl-Jackson men, Anti-Masons, "Bluelights" and Bankites. Call things by their proper names.

By John Minier. Our republic: Its only sovereign the people, uncontrolled by wealth or power, and they who disregard their will, are undeserving their confidence.

By Thomas McClelland. Modern Whigs: Like the stupid Ass who clothed himself in the skin of the Lion, expose the deformity of their characters by the tenor of their braying.

By John Spangler. Hon. James Buchanan: His grateful neighbors and his countrymen generally, look with confidence to the next Presidential election for his elevation to the second office in their gift as a reward for services rendered.

By a Guest. The advocates of Nullification and disunion: May *their bones* lie bleaching on their country's soil, not worthy of a sepulchre.

By Lorenzo Taggart. When an institution like the United States Bank wages a persevering and lawless rebellion against its creator, then the *creature* is elevated above its creator. May the spirit of '76 and an American people behold such an act with the utmost abhorrence and merited contempt. May it be hurled down to its own place of deserved degradation.

By Robert King. Hon. James Buchanan: An able deplomatist, the firm and undeviating friend of our Patriotic Chief Magistrate; may he soon be called to a seat in the national Councils worthy of his talents.

By Joshua Gault. Clay and Webster in 1811 and 1816: Pure Republicans, defending the country against a monied aristocracy; But in 1834 the *loans* and *fees* which they received from this monied aristocracy, have had the effect to change the opinion and conduct of these *once* great men. They are now *Senators of the Bank*, no more Senators of the United States.

By James McClosky. Nullification and Secession: Twins born in hell, and sent on earth to distract and harrass our nation. Jackson would not acknowledge their claims—consigned them back by "proclamation" to the "devils den."

By Richard Hickie. Daniel O'Connell:—Irelands patriot, the friend of civil and religious liberty, too virtuous to be purchased by the offers of office from the oppressors of his country.

By Samuel Allgeier. Hon. Geo. Kreamer: The honest and enlightened patriot; "may he cry aloud and spare not," whenever and wherever he may detect corruption.

By John Nagle. R. B. Taney: He had the magnanimity of mind to issue the decree which palsied the powers of that "monster of corruption," the United States Bank. His name for that act will be handed down to posterity, enrolled in the highest annals of his country's glory.

By William Brown. May political intemperance cease as the cause of temperance advances, and may the Democratic sons of Jefferson always place the keeping of their liberties in the charge of true patriots.

By John Young. Bankies *alias* Whigs:—To day they are eating their *dinners*, next October they shall have their *deserts*.

By Richard Hickie. The would be talented whigs of Marietta: Aristocrats in principle, and Tories in practice.

By John Miller. The Senate have assumed powers not belonging to it by the constitution, in passing resolutions censuring the President, in as much as they are the body who in cases of impeachment are to act as judges.

By John McVanan. Benton, Wright, Forsyth and Wilkins, of the Senate, Polk, Muhlenberg, Sutherland, &c. of the House: A greatful people will remember their patriotism in their disinterested struggle against the monster of corruption, i. e. the Bank of the United States.

By Lorenzo Taggart. President Andrew Jackson: The nndaunted champion of our rights and liberties; may he continue to stand permanent as the rocks of the Allegany. In his administration he has imitated the virtuous principles of a Washington, with the firmness of a Roman. May the United States Bank, that mammoth of discord, the canker worm that is prostrating our glorious liberties by its sacrilegious sway pass into non-existance, with all its subtlety and rotteness, for the welfare of America, and honor of our exalted President.

By Samuel Miller. May the American Eagle found her next nest upon a rock, and hatch out Young Democrats.

By John S. Logen. Remember the "Tea Boys" of Boston.

By William Rank. James Buchanan: The talented incorruptable Representative and embassador, his consistant and effectual support of Andrew Jackson, and his patriotic measures in relation to the Bank of the United States; and the claims the State has, whose favorite son he is, entitle him richly to the 2nd office in the nations gift, at the next Presidential election.

By Henry Sandoe. When the Senate of the United States alledges a spurious charge against the Chief Magistrate of our honored republic, that he has violated the Constitution, it is believed that all true and virtuous patriots of America will arise with a virtuous ambition to protect the President. He is the bright morning Star, in this age of our republic.

By James Coile. Liberty: A word of more value to true patriots or friends of their country, than all the paper that ever the Bank had stamped with promise to pay.

By Albert Pearsoll. The Democracy of Pennsylvania and New York: Too pure for the gold of the mammoth Bank.

By John W. Jones. General Jackson: The enlightened and firm patriot and Chief Magistrate of a free people. Millions yet unborn will hail his name as a patriot and friend of the American people, when his heroic firmness in the present struggle against the Bank of the United States will be read in the history of America. Huzza for the red, white and blue.

By William Bostwick. Martin Van Buren: It is the best fruit which the *birds* do most pick at.

By Thomas Marlin. Virtue, liberty and independence: May Hickory stand forever; if he is bent may he fly and slay his enemies.

By Christian Hoffman, Jr. May our political institutions be thoroughly purged from the influence of the clergy.

By Robert Hedger. Andrew Jackson: Who by his veto against the United States Bank, has achieved to himself the highest honor and gratitude of the American people. He still cleaves to the principles of our forefathers.—The gold bill recently passed by Congress (to substitute gold for paper) will add another wreath to his laurel.

By Joseph Marlin. George Wolf: Firm, enlightened, amiable, and patriotic; the efficient Governor of the Keystone state; the people will gratefully remember his services on the 2nd Tuesday of October, 1835.

By Samuel Young. Andrew Jackson and George Wolf: Two rocks to build Democracy on, the one a second Washington, the other, a second Snyder.

By Richard Hickie. The Bank Slaves:—Their motto, money, not *Liberty*; a party disgracing the American name.

By Philip Clarke. The supporters of liberal principles and free governments throughout the world.

By John Evans. A. Stevenson: Late Speaker of the House of Representatives, enlightened, impartial, and patriotic. The Senate rejected him, because the Bank could not corrupt him by either *loan* or *fee*.

By Jacob Conn. The memory of General's Warren and Wayne, and their brave Officers, likewise the patriots that came from France to assist our beloved Washington at Brandywine. May God be with them all, and they at rest forever.

By John Beck. Bank of the United States: Right about face dismissed: Rogues March.

By Isaac Reed. May the heat of party cease in the elevation of Martin Van Buren, and democracy reign triumphant.

By John Price. May the mechanicks always enjoy the freedom Andrew Jackson is now strugling to perpetuate.

By James Strawbridge. The Protest: The vilest of the vile, have a *right* to be heard in their petition, protest, &c. but an aristocratic corrupt majority of the Senate have refused this *right* to the virtuous chief magistrate of the nation.

By William Sharp. R. B. Taney: A martyr to the cause of his country, sacrificed by the Senate—a victim to the vindictive malice of the United States Bank.

By J. Mervine Watts. Andrew Jackson: He looks not for the support of the purse proud aristocracy, but the poor honest working men, whose rights he has maintained; when they desert him, liberty's epitaph may be written.

By Samuel Youst. The Hon. James Buchanan: Pennsylvania is proud of a son, whom the nation think worthy of the second office in the peoples gift.

By Samuel Read. Andrew Jacksons opinion of Government: "A plain system void of pomp;" its sentiments have been responded to by every patriot lover of Liberty; may our representatives while legislating at Washington look to it as their Polar Star.

By the Company. Our Host.

Fourth of July Celebration.

Agreeably to previous arrangements, a large and respectable number of citizens of the borough of Marietta and vicinity, opposed to the Administration of the General Government, met at the Public House of JOHN H. WITMERS, to celebrate the Anniversary of AMERICAN INDEPENDENCE, after partaking a Dinner prepared for the occasion, the company proceeded to business, by appointing

Major FREDERICK HAINES, *President.*

Vice Presidents.

PETER BAKER, DAVID ZOOK, S. D. MILLER, T. E. COCHRANE, JACOB FOREMAN, J. H. KIRK.

R. K. Grosh, } Secretaries.
A. N. Cassel, }

The Declaration of Independence being read, and some appropriate remarks made by DR. SAMUEL HUSTON, addresses were delivered by ABRAHAM VARLEY and T. E. COCHRANE, when the following REGULAR TOASTS were drunk.

1st. The day we celebrate: The birth day of liberty, achieved by the Whigs of '76 for them and their posterity freely to express their opinions—therefore freemen send forth your sentiments—expose corruption, and hurl tyranny and oppression from their high places.

2d. The Memory of Washington: There has been but one, he fills the hearts of his countrymen with veneration, and the world with admiration.

3d. Lafayette, the generous and brave: In his bosom patriotism, the love of liberty, the love of the human race, and all that can adorn human nature, found a home: he has gone to his rest, but his memory lives in every American heart. Peace to his remains.

4th. The Senate of the U. S: A band of incorruptible patriots, worthy descendants of the Whigs of '76, they have stood firm in the breach, when assaulted by an usurping Executive, they have stayed the progress of the oppressors power; "well done, good and faithful servants."

5th. Agriculture, Commerce, and Manufactures, have raised our country to her present greatness: They cannot flourish without a sound currency; the despot who has destroyed that, has laid the axe at the root of her prosperity, may he not strike another blow, or it will be arrested, before it descends, by the united and indignant voice of the people.

6th. The Post Office: The pink of Jackson measures, that gives them all their essence, and perfume, corrupt and bankrupt, may the whole department soon be in other and purer efficient hands.

7th. Martin Van Buren: A political weather cock, a time-serving changling, who is content to glide into office, in the wake of a corrupt Administration, but the people are awake, and will show their strength at the ballot box, and reject him with indignation.

8th. The Protest against the proceedings of the Senate: The claims of European monarchs to arbitrary power, are humble and unpretending, compared with the pretensions set forth in that paper, but the Senate rebuked the "hero" and the people will finish, what the Senate began.

9th. George Wolf: His truckling obedience to the commands of party, has deprived him of the confidence of the people, and made him a fit animal, to crawl in the slime of Jacksonism and stoop to the footstool of its power.

10. May the knowledge of correct principles which are now taking hold of the minds of the American people, sink deep and spread far and wide, until like leaven, it shall leaven the whole mass of community.

11. Pennsylvania: Jacksonism is going down and honest principles are going up, she slumbers no more, she is awake to her interest, and will show at the polls, that despotic measures suit not her citizens, how much soever they may be upheld by her rulers.

12. The minority in the lower House of Congress, have done their duty, and bearded the Lion in his Den, with boldness and perseverance, honorable alike to themselves and their constituents.

13. *The Fair* of our country: May they ever exert their influence in the cause of freedom, though they *enslave* and take *captive*, yet may jealousy keep down all self created power; and they will *teach* men, that love, virtue and patriotism, are the only foundation of a *happy union*.

Volunteer Toasts.

By Frederick Haines, *President. May President Jackson's* not *Gen. Jackson's friends*, turn to be his enemies, until he retraces his steps, and goes home to the Hermitage.

By Peter Baker, 1st V. P. The memory of the departed Heroes and Statesmen of the revolution: While we admire their glorious ends, let us not forget the sacred charge which has been sanctified by their blood, and transmitted to us, for preservation.

By David Zook, 2d V. P. The Declaration of Independence; The ground work of the constitution and laws, the temple of liberty, may

he who attempts to undermine the foundation, have a speedy voyage to the deserts of Arabia (or should he prefer) to the Inquisition of Spain.

By Thomas E. Cochrane, 3d V. P. Harmony of sentiment and concert of action, among the opponents of the present Administration. The *Sword* that will untie the Gordian knot by which Pennsylvania is fastened to the car of Jacksonism; and the *lever* which will re-adjust the checks and balances of our government on their proper equipoise.

By S. D. Miller, 4th V. P. The Senate of the U. S: A body of men and talents, never surpassed in the known world, may we be guided by their precepts and exertions, hereafter let every lover of liberty stand a sentinel on the walls of our republic, and guard against combinations, and violations of our noble constitution and laws, the ballot box is our only resort to restore confidence, and regain our tottering liberty; then will inquisition, favoriteism and tyrrany, be banished from our American shore.

By John Kirk, 5th V. P. John Quincy Adams: The patron of literature, science, the arts, and Internal improvements, he will live in the hearts of the American people, when the memory of his opposers and persecutors shall be blotted out, and consigned to perpetual oblivion.

By A. N. Cassel. The "experiment" on the currency and stamp act measures, alike destitute of law and justice, nurtured into existence by despots, wishing thereby to enslave the American freemen, but as the minions of George recoiled from our shores defeated, so will Andrew retreat to the Hermitage, and his tools follow R. B. Taney to retirement.

By Dr. Samuel Huston. The present Administration: Both State and Union, the most corrupt and profligate, that ever held the reigns of government in this country, the period is fast approaching, when they will be hurled from power, by an injured, but free people.

By A. Varley. The Constitution of the U. S: We the people, have ordained it—we the people will maintain it, and rescue it out of the desperate hands into which it now has fallen.

By John Park. Hermer Denny: May the Star of the west, prove to the world, that the brightness ever will dazzle the eyes of Jackson, the tyrant, the usurper, of our once happy country.

By Henry S. Frey. The present Administration: A sink of the vilest iniquity, rotten to the core, supported by the lavish waste of the public funds, in buying satellites, and praised only by those who are paid for their subserviency. An indignant people, jealous of their liberties, will prostrate them in the dust.

By S. F. Eagle. Daniel Webster: His noble speech on the President's Protest, discloses the true principles of our government, and totally demolishes the pretensions set up in that astounding paper.

By W. D. Groff. Webster, Clay, Southard, Frelinghusen, Sprague and Poindexter: Senators of the U. S. in 1834, their names will last as long as memory exists; the syren voice of power could not charm them to silence, nor the threats of a tyrant compel obedience, but firm and determined as the rock, in the midst of the Ocean, on which the waves beat in vain, they have gone home to the circle of their friends, who proudly await to receive and defend them.

By Alexander L. Evans. Daniel Webster, John C. Calhoun and Henry Clay: A trio of men possessed of as much talent and patriotism as adorns any Legislative body in the world.

By William Child Jr. Hon. William Heister: His true republican conduct in the present Congress, entitles him to the warm commendation of his constituents, which is a sure sign of his re-election.

By John M. Hoover. May we this day reflect on the times that tried men's souls, and may the same principle of equal rights, that stimulated the brave 1775-6 to risk their homes and their lives, guide us at the present time.

By James H. Mifflin. The signers of the Declaration of Independence: "Enough of their glory remains on each shield, to light us to victory yet."

By George Nase. Governor Wolf, the Executive who repeatedly recommended the re-charter of the U. S. Bank, but lastly at the bidding of his worshipful master, to please the sacred few, has condescended to prostitute the intrests of Pennsylvania. May destiny urge the flight of time, that his reign may be short.

By William Miller. Jackson Democracy, although siyled exclusive Democracy, look at his appointments, principally selected from the ranks of old school Federalists—total consistency.

By John Fidler. The Senate of the U. S: The majority of which possesses more talent, patriotism, and virtue, than any organized body ever assembled in any country.

By A. M. Beatty. The deserts of Arabia: A fit retirement for Gen. Jackson and may his rotten and polluted Cabinet speedily assist in his exportation.

By Andrew Mehaffey. The General Post Office: Prostituted to the vilest purposes of bribery and corruption, expending the public funds in purchasing supporters, and rewarding favorites with extra allowances, buying up the press with "Newspaper privileges" and mail contracts, interfering in elections, by the instruments it has taken into its employment and paying them with the peoples money. It is now bankrupt, in consequence of its efforts to reduce freemen to the base attitude of cowering slaves.

By J. H. Biddle: The Albany Regency and the Tammany Society of New York: Martin Van Buren, their god, and our constitution at their feet.

By J. H. Withers. The Whigs of '34: Legitimate descendants of their fathers of '76, the Sampson's who will pull down Jackson idolatry, their principles are those on which our republic rests for its support, and the voice of the people will cheer them onward to victory, and the destruction of a rapidly advancing despotism.

By a Guest. Daniel Webster: Champion of the East, a supporter of Jackson against Nullification, likewise an opposer to masonic dignatories seizing the public purse unconstitutionally, and contrary to the will of the American people.

By Samuel Bailie. W. J. Duane: His virtue and Independence, in resisting the illegal authority of the Executive of the U. S. deserve the warmest gratitude of the American people.

By J. H. Goodman. The American Eagle, and the constitution of our country: May they remain pure and untrammeled by the Lion, or an unhallowed faction.

By Leonard Fidler. Gen. Jackson: A patriot in his minority, a good soldier, likewise a barbarous commander in the late war, a usurper of the Constitution, a terror to the widow, a sting to the orphan, an object of pity in the eyes of the most patriotic Senate ever convened in a free Republic.

By Abraham Zublin. Gen. Andrew Jackson, Martin Van Buren, Amos Kendall, & Co. and a host of other hanger's on to the experiment of a metallic currency; I wish them all safely landed, on the shores of Arabia, there to work out their favorite and noble experiment.

By John Born. To the old Federalist of this borough, leading the celebration of the present Anniversary: Under the banner of democracy, may their next turn, be in favor of their country, and not anarchy and despotism.

By Joseph Horst. Joseph Ritner, the Washington county Farmer: May he shortly take the helm of our sinking Ship, Pennsylvania, and steer her a straight course, and not smash her head against the Susquehanna rocks, or sink her in the Gap quicksands, which has already crippeled her main stays and rigging. We now want a good helmsman and honest Cabin boys to clear the kitchen. Go ahead.

By the Company. Our Host and Hostess: Their beautiful decorations and sumptuous repast this day, proves their appreciation of the principles which we support, and while they call for an expression of gratitude, cheer us onward in the path of duty, to our country and its liberties.

After which, a vote of thanks was passed to the Officers and Orators of the day, and a copy of the Addresses delivered by Dr. S. Huston, Abraham Varley, and T. E. Cochrane were requested for publication, and that the proceedings of celebration be published in the 'Marietta Advocate,' 'Columbia Spy,' and 'Lancaster Union."

P. S. Should any Volunteer Toasts not appear, the committee of publication cannot or ought not be held responsible; as it would be impossible that among such a number, some should be mislaid or lost. Very respectfully, the Committee.

THE ADVOCATE.

Thursday, July 10, 1834.

The great length of the proceedings on the 4th of July, and the claims of our correspondents, have excluded much editorial matter prepared for this week's paper.

The fact, that the hands in our office were indisposed, will, we hope, be an apology for the late appearance of our paper this week.

COMMUNICATIONS.

FOR THE MARIETTA ADVOCATE.

THE THEATRE

In Front Street, after being redecorated, and having several new scenes added, has at length been OPENED for a short summer campaign by a new company. We were present on Saturday evening last and were highly gratified with the performance. The characters of *Buskin* and *Sancho* were very well sustained by MR. PENNINGTON, who is a first rate Comedian; and *Don Carlos*, *Leonora* and *Jachintha*, in "Lover's Quarrels," had able representatives in MR. CARR, MISS KEAN and MISS C. WHITE. Miss E. WHITE, did ample justice to the difficult recitation "The sailor boys dream"—We hope the enterprising manager will be sustained; and that the company will not have occasion to regret their present visit to Marietta.

S. H.

FOR THE MARIETTA ADVOCATE.

MR. MCCAY:—I did not expect when you published my first article criticizing the attempt of a most insipid scribbler to describe a "day's excursion," that I should expose you to the animadversions of the pedantic subordinate of the Spy. His last abusive article is a fine commentary on the dignity of his journal, and after this specimen of Billingsgate sufficient to disgrace a Thames waterman, he talks of the "Marietta Advocate" being a scurrilous paper! Truly for the *pink* of periodicals, the "Spy" teems with very unseemly language. Oh! no doubt the Editor of that paper must be allowed, to use his own delicate phraseology, to expectorate all the nonsense that fills his shallow brain without comment, and should disgust excite criticism he calls it malice. He next talks of my conceit—what! after calling the paltry journal of which he is the assistant Engineer, the pink of periodicals, after calling himself an important person, after boasting of being educated at Newark Academy, and inserting in his contemptible sheet the most trifling and egotistical remarks, to apply the term to me—causes the utmost astonishment at his unblushing effrontery. Who would have imagined, that (after his pathetic invocation to the shade of Lindley Murray and his high pretensions to grammatical knowledge) he would have discovered in his very next article such consummate ignorance of the rules of grammar. He says, (after discrediting my word which is in perfect keeping with his usual impertinence) that I represent him as committing an infraction on the rules of grammar, by introducing the verb "*is*" instead of the conjunction "*so.*" Now, Murray says that the infinitive mood or part of a sentence is sometimes put as the nominative case to the verb; for examples see page 139 and 222. Let us see how it will operate in the sentence complained of—"Ignorance and destitution of talent," is part of a sentence which is the nominative case to the verb "*is.*" "*Is*" is an irregular verb neuter, indicative mood, &c. agreeing with the aforementioned part of a sentence as its nominative case, &c.—and yet this vulgar ignoramus, assuming "squint eye'd censure's artful sneer," accuses me in a ludicrously pompous manner, of malice and ignorance. To use his own words—shade of Lindley Murray hide your diminished head. He furthemore says, that Sir Walter Scott has anglecized "Juvenal"—it is true Sir Walter makes two of his characters use the term, one a pedantic ass of whom the Spy subordinate is a fac simile—the other, a hair brained fop, who uses the term "Bucolical Juvenal"—but Sir Walter did not mean to insinuate that they were correct. Now gentle reader hear this second Solomon's opinion of his own writings, and bear in mind that the article he speaks of is the first one that was published in the Marietta Advocate over the signature of Juvenal and consisted almost entirely of quotations from his own foolish writings. He notices no quotations, but contents himself with an attack on the original portions. He says "the most contemptible and puerile portions of his production we left to that scorn and ridicule they would meet from every enlightened reader if such one he had." "Mark you this!" those portions were quotations from his own productions! As to enlightened readers, if none were more so, than the Editor of the Spy, who it appears has attentively perused my articles, they would be ignorant indeed. Proceeding onward, I read—"with the following blethering," &c.—blethering!!! shade of Johnson, Walker, Sheridan, Perry, Bailey, and all who have ever explained or commented on the English language, appear, and inform us from what language this word was derived.—Vulgarity beyond all conception—a palpable mangling of pure English, and ignorance of which a school boy might be ashamed—"get thee to a school." He next criticizes on the following, "like the porcupine I have always a quill ready pointed." This ignoramus does not know, perhaps, that it is a quotation from as elegant an author as Ireland, aye, or England ever produced;—wit superlative, how dost thou shine throughout the following:—"Good morrow Peter Porcupine, you look marvellously like one of the multitude of grunters, &c." dost thou not marvel, gentle reader, to hear the author of the foregoing inimitably ridiculous paragraph, talk of childish and jejune attempts at witticism. He next compares Mr. McCay to Macenas—what a pity that I am not a Horace to laud Mr. McCay in such terms as the present caterer for the Spy lavishes on his employer—"the trusty and well educated, &c.

We are called on frequently to laud English Actors, Actresses, travellers, &c. and what is our reward! After carrying from our shores substantial marks of favour from the Citizens—to spend in luxury in foreign lands—we are standered and ridiculed without mercy;—our manners and customs abused and misrepresented and yet, O! credulous generation, every new adventurer is welcomed—every viper nourished in our bosoms that may again have an opportunity to batton on the spoils wrenched from our credulity, that they may again turn and sting us. Every pretty female is esteemed and highly valued and is called defenceless though her father may have declared from the public stage, his readiness to defend her. In the meantime our own actresses from prejudice must languish and pine eclipsed by one who some day we may have to class with, Kean, Matthews, Anderson, Hall and Mrs. Trollope.

JUVENAL.

Thistlewood.

When this desperate and atrocious traitor was on the scaffold, his demeanour was that of a man who was resolved boldly to meet the fate he had deserved; and in the few words which were exchanged him and his fellow criminals, he observed, "that the grand question, whether or not the soul was immortal, would soon be solved for them." No expression of hope escaped him; no breaking of repentance, no spark of grace appeared. Yet it is a fact—which, whether it be more consolatary or awful, ought to be known—on the night after the sentence, and preceding his execution, while he supposed that the person who was appointed to watch him was asleep, this miserable man was seen by that person repeatedly to rise upon his knees, and heard repeatedly calling upon Christ his Saviour to have mercy upon him, and to forgive him his sins! All men and women are, verily as Shakspeare has said of them, merely players, when we see them upon the stage of the world; that is, when they are seen any where except in the freedom and undressed intimacy of private life.—*Doctor, vol. ii.*, 301 *and* 304.

Nothing Destroyed.

The researches of chemists have shown that what the vulgar call corruption, destruction, &c. is nothing but a change of arrangement of the same ingredient elements, the disposition of the same materials into other forms, without the loss or actual destruction of a single atom; and thus any doubts of the permanence of natural laws are discountenanced, and the whole weight of appearances thrown into the opposite scale. One of the most obvious cases of apparent destruction is, when any thing is ground to dust, and scattered to the winds. But it is one thing to grind a fabric to powder, and another to annihilate its materials; scattered as they may be, they must fall somewhere, and continue, if only as ingredients of the soil, to perform their humble but useful part in the economy of nature. The destruction produced by fire is more striking; in many cases, as in the burning of a piece of charcoal or a taper, there is no smoke, nothing visibly dissipated or carried away; the burning body wastes and disappears, where nothing seems to be produced but warmth and light, which we are not in the habit of considering as substances, and when all has disapdeared, except perhaps some trifling ashes, we naturally enough suppose it is gone, lost, destroyed. But when the question is examined more exactly, we detect in the invisible stream of heated air, which ascends from the glowing coal or flaming wax, *the whole ponderable matter*, only united in a new combination with the air, and dissolved in it. Yet so far from being thereby destroyed, it is only become again what it was before it existed in the form of charcoal or wax, an active agent in the business of the world, and a main support of vegetable and animal life, and is still susceptible of running again and again the same round, as circumstances may determine; so that, for aught we can see to the contrary, the same identical atom may lay concealed for thousands of centuries in a lime stone rock, may at length qe quarried, set free in the lime kiln, mix with the air, be absorbed from it by plants, and in succession become a part of the frames of myriads of living beings, till some occurrence of events consign it once more to a long repose, which, however, no way unfits it from again resuming its former activity.—*Herschel's Discourses on the Study of Natural Philosophy.*

Rookwood.

The plot of this remarkable narrative is founded on an English domestib legend, in which is illustrated, as in some of the ancient Greek tragedies, the mysteriovs principle of fate or destiny. The interest is centured in one family, to which belong the chief actors in the story, and they all bear the awful stamp of doom.—Whether this preternatural feeling has not a tendency to promote the result which is dreaded, may be justly questioned; but that the tradition on which the romance of "Rookwood" is constructed, is yet extant in one of our shires, cannot be doubted. The theme is a good one, and is said to have been greatly treated.

SPONTANEOUS COMBUSTION.

It is not generally known that oil in cotton, wool or linen may produce spontaneous combustion, and that very destructive fires have had this origin. A number of such instances are well known to the Insurance companies. It is important that the community should be better apprised of the danger, that they may guard against it. We are informed that an extensive importing house in New York, recently had a quantity of sheet iron cleaned of rust by rubbing it with pieces of linen cloth dipped in oil. After the work was done the pieces were thrown together in a corner. The next day they were discovered to be on fire, and just in time to prevent the communication to articles near by. Had the combustion taken place at night, it is probable that the whole building, and a very valuable stock of merchandise, would have been enveloped in flames, and perhaps entirely destroyed.—*N. Y. Mer. Adv.*

A writer in Blackwood gives the following brief portrait of Cobbett:—"Hah! am I come to thee at last! Well! and come to thee when I will, the sight of thy fist does one good! thou twenty times turncoat—thou most wavering of weather-cocks—thou boldest of bullies—thou rudest of ragamuffins—thou most downright of double-dealers—thou hero of humbug thou prince of libellers. King of Kensington! I love thee still—thou dear diabolical deceiver—thou art still Cobbett! *Semper idem* ET *Cobbett* ET *Diabolus.*"

THE WANDERING JEW AGAIN.—We had'nt heard any thing of this erratic gentleman so long that we thought he had left off his travels; but it appears that an old fellow named Frantz Brimann, pretending to be the "Wandering Jew," was arrested lately at Erlach, in Germany, where he had made his way pretty deeply into the pockets of the ignorant and sustitious. On being searched, 25000 florins in gold were found upon him, which the old wretch blasphemously declared had been lent to him by Jesus Christ to defray the expenses of his journeys!—The police magistrate, however, told him that the genuine Wandering Jew never had more than five sous in his pocket, and consequently he took charge of the funds until proper inquiries could be made.

PRICES OF LUMBER.

The following are the prices of the different kinds of Lumber for Sale in this borough, viz:

W. P. Panel Boards Pr. M.	$24,00
Do. do. First common " " from	15,00 to 16,00
Do. do. Second com. " "	$10,00 to 11,00
Do. do. Cullings " "	$6,50 to 7,50
Plank one inch, same rate	" "
First common yellow pine	$20,00 to 24,00
Second common do do from	$12,00 to 15,00
Shingles 30 inch from $5,00 to	9,00
do. 2 ft. from $3,00 to	5,00
Scantling white Pine from $10,00	to 12,00
Do. Hemlock, from $7,00 to	00,9
Cherry boards from $15,00 to	25,00
Chair Plank, good,	20,00
Locust posts finished, pr. 100 from	$31 to 40,00
Do do rough " " from	$12 to 25,00
Hogshead Staves pr. m. " from	$20 to 25,00
Barrel do " " from	$7 to 10,00
Sawed pine and Hemlock Rails pr. 100 from	$7, to 8,00

PRICES CURRENT.

	Marietta	*Balt.*	*Phil.*
FLOUR (wheat)	$4,75	5,25	5,25
RYE FLOUR	300	3,50	3,50
Corn	50	100	62
WHEAT	1,00	1,12	1,12
RYE	55	66	66
OATS	25	31	30
CLOVERSEED	2,75	3,25	3,50
WHISKEY	23	25	25
FLAXSEED	150	1,60	1,62
BUTTER	12	"	"
EGGS	8		"

F. W. MENSCHING.

DENTIST,

from BALTIMORE, and now at BENJAMIN LIBHART'S Hotel, for a short time, begs leave to inform the citizens of MARIETTA, MAYTOWN, and adjoining vicinity, that he pledges himself to insert artificial teeth in such a manner, and without pain so as to be equal both in use and appearance, to any natural teeth, also, File, Plug, clean, and extract teeth and stumps, without the least pain to the patient.

Mr. MENCHING feels himself comptent to give general satisfaction, from an extensive practice of DENTISTRY, both in Germany and America, to all those who will employ him in any branch of his profession. If satisfaction is not rendered, he will make no charge.

N. B. His porcelain teeth are made and inserted in quite a new manner and will be warranted for six years.

F. W. Menching, will attend in Maytown, at Jacob Barr's Hotel, on Tuesday and Wednesday of next week.

Marietta, July 10.

A CARD.

THEATRE.

Mr. W. E. Pennington's Benefit.

SATURDAY, JULY 12, 1834.

Mr W. E. Pennington most respectfully informs the Ladies and Gentlemen of Marietta, that his Benefit and last appearance will take place on the above mentioned night. The pieces selected, are the

TURNPIKE GATE,

AND

The Day after the Fair,

OR A COTTAGE BY THE ROAD SIDE;

in which piece Mr. W. E. Pennington will personate 5 different characters.

Marietta, July 10, 1834.

READY MADE CLOTHING.

The Subscribers offer for sale at their Storeroom, a general assortment of ready made Clothing, consisting of

Coats, Vests, Pantaloons, and Shirts,

All of which they will dispose of at first Cost, for Cash.

C. Hertzler & Wilson.

Marietta, May 10, 1834.

Stray Sow.

Came to the plantation of the Subscriber residing near Marietta. A LARGE SOW, with five pigs the owner is desired to come forward prove property pay charges and take her away otherwise she will be disposed of according to law.

FREDERICK HAINES.

Marietta, July 10th, 1834.

Marietta Seminary.

The duties of the Male and Female department of this Institution, will be resumed on Wednesday the 23d inst. The various branches of a Classical and English Education will be taught, as heretofore. Terms for day scholars from three to six dollars per quarter, according to the nature of the studies pursued—Boarding tuition, &c. $25 per quarter paid in advance. Every attention will be paid to the health, the comfort and the moral and intellectual improvement of the pupils. A few more female boarders can be received into the family of the Principal.

T. W. SIMPSON, Principal.

July 10th, 1834.

ATTENTION!

The court of appeal for the Pennsylvania Grays, will be held at the public house of Col. N. Latchum, on Monday evening, the 14t Inst. at early candlelight,

By order

Marietta, July 10th, 1834.

List of Letters.

A List of Letters, remaining in the Post Office at Maytown, Lancaster County, Penn. the Last quarter Commencing April 1st, 1834, and enclosing June 30th, 1834.

Samuel Cain, Rev. Dr. Geo. Reich, John Spangler, George Ream, Jacob Crall, John Gephart, William Brown, Samuel Bossler Samuel Reiley, John Jackson, Mary Lynch, Henry Grove, Henry Haines, Michael Rairdin, Elizabeth Calfman, Mary Rraft, Conrad Zeigler, Michael Rathvon, William H. Thompson, Samuel Braught, Samuel Evans, Susana Keller, Mary Ann Wagoner.

GEORGE FERREE, P. M.

Maytown, July 10, 1834.

List of Letters

Remaining in the Post Office, at Marietta, Lancaster county, Pa. July 1, 1834.

A

Allen Collin.

B

Bare A. Mary, Bowman John.

C

Cash Jane Mary, Carr Henry, Campbell A. Soloman, or Dagget Levi, Cohick Daniel, Clark S. Uriah, Curtis Daniel.

E

Edward S. Thomas, Ealy Michael, Erwin Nusan.

F

French James, Forster Jno. 3, Fahon A. Hermon, Funck Jacob, Funston Nicholas, 2.

G

Gries Jno. Goshen Isaac, Gamber Jon. Groff Henry, Gantz Maria.

H

Heistand Jacob, 5. Holinger Margaret, Hartsler Jacob, Houts Nancy, Harkins Dennis, Hamlin Alexander, Hogentobler Joseph, Heslet Wm.

J

Jones Cesar, Johnson H. Thos.

L

Lattin George, Luther Geo. Lutz Elizabeth, 2

M

Morse Whitney, Marland Whitney, Mayers Wm.

N

Nicholas Henry.

R

Rush Joseph, Rogers Jno. Ramsey Wm. Ralston Harriet.

S

Snowden S. Joseph, Mrs. Susan, Schler Abr. Sultzbach Henry, 2. Sutherland Agnes, 2. Stewart Wm. Shaffer Elizabeth.

T

Thompson Sarah.

W

Warner Gellis, Whittse Jno. 2. Cornell, Waters B. Samuel.

Y

Yale C. Enos.

J. GLATZ, P. M.

Marietta, July 3, 1834.

Job Printing

EXECUTED AT THIS OFFICE.

POETRY.

FROM FRIENDSHIP'S OFFERING, for 1834.

Early Days.

Oh! give me back my early days,
The fresh springs and the bright,
That made the course of childhood's ways
A journey of delight.

Oh! give me back the violet blue,
The woodbine and the rose,
That o'er my early wanderings threw
The fragrance of repose.

And give back the glittering stream,
The fountain and the dew,
That neither day nor nightly dream
Can evermore renew.

I would give all that tears have bought,
Of wisdom, wealth or love,
For one sweet hour of early thought
This sordid world above—.

One happy flight, away, away,
On wings of tameless power,
One golden morn, one glorious day,
In childhood's rosy bower—

One sail upon the summer sea,
Whose passing storms are all
Light winds that blow more merrily,
And dewy showers that fall.

But ah! that summer sea no more
Shall bear me gaily on,
My bark lies on the weary shore,
My fluttering sails are gone.

'Tis not that hope the radiant bow
No longer bends on high,
But light has faded from her brow,
And splendor from her sky.

'Tis not that pleasure may not bring
Fresh gladness in my breast,
But I am worn with wandering
To find a house of rest.

SONG.

BY CAMPBELL.

When Love came first on earth, the Spring
Spread rose buds to receive him,
And back he vowed his flight he'd wing
To Heaven if she would leave him.

But Spring departing, saw his faith
Pledged to the next new comer—
He revell'd in the warmer breath
And richer bowers of Summer.

Then sportive Autumn claim'd by rights
An archer for her lover;
And even in Winter's dark cold nights
A charm he could discover.

Her routs and balls and fireside joys,
For this time were his reasons—
In short, young Love's a gallant boy,
That likes all times and seasons.

I CAN find comfort in the words and looks
Of simple hearts and gentle souls; and I
Can find companionship in ancient books,
When lonely on the grassy hills I lie,
Under the shadow of the tranquil sky;
I can find music in the rushing brooks,
Or in the songs which dwell among the trees,
And come in snatches on the summer breeze.
I can find treasure in the leafy showers
Which in the merry autumn-time will fall;
And I can find strong love in buds and flowers,
And beauty in the moonlight's silent hours.
There's nothing nature gives can fail to please,
For there's a common joy pervading all.

FROM THE LIVERPOOL CHRONICLE.

First Flowers.

First flowers of the spring time,
Bright gems of the year,
All lovely and blooming,
How fresh ye appear;
Springing up in the garden,
The hedge-row and vale,
Enriched by the showers,
And fann'd by the gale.

Your beauty is transient,
But oh! it is sweet,
As the deep-felt emotion
When absent friends meet
After dangers surmounted
And miseries flown,
Their lips and looks telling
Of days that are gone!

Your herald—the tempest:
Your bed—the cold earth:
Unsheltered and sunless,
The place of your birth!
The snow-drift is sweeping,
And dimly the morn
From the eastward is stealing
To hail your return.

A MERRY LIFE.—An impudent ridiculous fellow being laughed at by all that came in his company, told some of his acquaintance, that he had the happy quality of laughing at all those who laughed at him. "Then," said one of them, "you lead the merriest life of any man in the world."

MUSICAL TUITION.

JOHN P. WIND,

Professor of Music, begs leave to inform the citizens of Marietta and its vicinity, that he will give instructions on the

Pino Forte, German Flute, Flagolet & Kent Bugle.

TERMS.—Eight dollars per quarter, for Piano Forte. Six dollars Flute or Flagolet. Ten dollars per quarter, Kent Bugle.

REFERENCES:—John H. Withers, John J. Libhart.

N. B. MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS and all the latest and most fashionable Music, can be had all times, at the Store of John H. Goodman, Market Street.

Marietta, June 19, 1834.

Stray Cow.

Came to the Plantation on which the subscriber resides, in East Dongall township, on Friday the 13th of June, 1834, A BRINDLE COLORED COW, with the ear mark.

The owner is desired to come forward prove his property, pay charges and take her away, otherwise she will be disposed of according to law.

PETER HARTMAN.

June 19, 1834.

Pine Grove Coal.

Just received a quantity of first quality PINE GROVE COAL; coarse and fine; all of which will be sold cheap.

J. GROSH.

Marietta, June 12, 1834.

P. S. The FINE is for Lime burners, and will be sold at $3 00 per ton, or a trifle over ten cents per bushel. J. G.

Removal.

ASHBEL GREEN, JR.

ATTORNEY AT LAW,

COLUMBIA, PA.

Has removed his office, to his residence in Second, between Locust and Walnut Streets.

A. G. Jr. will attend at Marietta on every Thursday, for the transaction of business, and may be found at Libhart's Hotel.

Columbia, June 12, 1834.

Second year of

PARLEYS MAGAZINE.

The unexampled success of this juvenile Work, which now circulates into every state and terriotory of the Union, has encouraged the publishers to renewed exertions in making it all that judicious Parents could reasonably expect for the amusement and instruction of Youth.

It is important to remark, that this Magazine has become a great favorite in Schools, and that judicious Parents and Teachers have discovered that its interesting matter, its spirited and appropriate engravings, its entire novelty, added to the circumstance of its coming every fortnight fresh from the Press, in convenient and beautiful numbers, have all conspired to render it unusually attractive to young readers. It is read with avidity and pleasure; and the object of school education, so far as it relates to reading understandingly, acquiring at the same time valuable portions of knowledge, and an enduring taste for reading, is better accomplished by this interesting periodical, than by any means hitherto attempted.

There are now schools in every part of the country that take some twenty, some thirty, some forty, and some as many as sixty copies of this Magazine; and the Teachers. one and all, recommend its use and importance in the most unequivocal manner, and are exerting themselves to increase its circulation.

To such as are yet unacquainted with Parley's Magazine, we would state some of the interesting topics that it presents.

I. NATURAL HISTORY—Of beasts, birds, fishes, reptiles, insects; plants, flowers, trees; the human frame, &c.

II. BIOGRAPHY—Especially of the Young.

III. GEOGRAPHY—Accounts of places, manners, customs, &c.

IV. TRAVELS AND VOYAGES, in various parts of the world.

V. Lively descriptions of the Curiosities of *Nature and Art*,—in each of the U. States, and in other countries.

VI. LESSONS on Objects that daily surround Children in the Parlor, Nursery, Garden, &c.

Accounts of Trades and Employments.

VII. PARTICULAR DUTIES of the Young—to Parents, Teachers, Brothers, Sisters, &c.

VIII. Bible Lessons and Stories.

IX. NARRATIVES—Such as are well authenticated; Original Tales.

X. PARABLES, FABLES, and PROVERBS, where the moral is obvious and excellent.

XI. POETRY—Adapted to the youthful capacity and feelings.

XII. INTELLIGENCE—Embracing Accounts of Juvenile Books, Societies, and Remarkable Occurrences.

Many of the above Subjects are illustrated by numerous and beautiful Engravings, prepared by the best Artists and selected not only with a view to *adorn* the work, but to improve the Taste, cultivate the Mind, and raise the affections of the young to appropriate and worthy Objects. We would make them better children, better brothers, better sisters, better pupils, better associates, and, in the end, better citizens.

This Magazine comes out every other Saturday, and is sent to any part of the United States, by mail. Price, $1 a year, in advance. Six copies for $5; 20 copies for $15; or 25 quarterly parts for $5. Postage three quarters of a cent, if under 100 miles, one cent and a quarter only, for the greatest distance.

LILLY, WAIT, & CO.,
Publishers, 121, *Washington St.* Boston.

Subscriptions received at this office.

Dissolution of Partnership.

The partnership heretofore existing between FORSTER and LAW, Merchants, Marietta, was on the 9th inst. dissolved by mutual consent. All those indebted to said firm, are requested to make payment to Mehaffey and Law, who are authorised to recieve the same, and those having claims against said firm, are requested to present them for payment.

JOHN E. FORSTER,
JAMES S. LAW.

Marietta, May 15, 1834.

We the subscribers respectively inform our friends and the public generally, that we have purchased the establishment formerly owned by "FORSTER and LAW," of Marietta, and we expect in a few days to receive and keep constantly on hand a splendid assortment of goods, and the business will in future be conducted under the firm of Mehaffey and Law.

JAMES MEHAFFEY,
JAMES S. LAW.

Marietta, May 15, 1834.

The People's Magazine.

The first volume of the PEOPLE'S MAGAZINE, which is just completed, was commenced as an experiment. The unqualified approbation it has every where received, and the large list of subscribers it has already obtained, induce the Publishers to continue their efforts to make the work what they intended from the first—a permanent *family magazine*,—one, too, which shall be still more worthy of the high character it sustains. In pursuance of this determination, they will withhold no pains or expense. They have already secured such aid in the editorial department, as they deem necessary to the accomplishment of their purpose.

The great object of the *People's Magazine*, then, is to convey *useful instruction*, in plain and familiar, but chaste language, and in the *cheapest possible form*, to every cottage and fireside in the land. There are few families, to be found, who cannot afford to spend one dollar a year, for a visiter, twice a month, which shall give them valuable information and advice, on subject connected with their usefulness and happiness—which, while it shall not fail to *interest* and *amuse*, shall have still higher and nobler purposes in view—the improvement of the *mind*, and the cultivation of the *heart*.

Natural History will continue to receive, as it deserves, a considerable share of our attention. This science embraces many more topics than at first view might be supposed. Whatever relates to the character, nature, or internal structure, of *men*, *animals*, and *things*, is properly a subject of natural history.

But we shall not confine ourselves wholly to the animal, the vegetable and the mineral kingdoms of *nature*. We shall launch out, often, into *history*, *arts*, *manufactures*, &c. The pages of history are full of instruction. *Biography* will also be deemed an appropriate subject. In short, nothing which is calculated to benefit the minds and hearts of our readers, will be intentionally excluded.

We do not expect, in a semi-monthly magazine, to present all the important intelligence of the day, but only such as may be deemed of permanent value, as a matter of record. Even this will sometimes appear late. But delay has its advantages. Much mischief has been done, and many unnecessary pangs inflicted, by an unjudicious eagerness to circulate early intelligence. Every one will recollect instances, where the public press has in this way widely circulated false statements. These evils the People's Magazine will endeavor to avoid.

Engravings of a superior character will continue to be furnished; but while we labor, in this way, to render the work attractive, we intend much more. We believe the good engravings may be made to do something more than to amuse, or even illustrate. We believe they may be made to cultivate the mind, chasten the imagination, develope taste, and benefit the heart. Shall the teachers of vice find engravings an important aid in accomplishing—unworthy ends in vitiating the taste and imagination—and shall the teachers of virtue neglect to turn them to a good account, in the *promotion of human happiness?*

TERMS.—*Published every other Saturday, at* ONE DOLLAR *a year*, in advance. Six copies for five dollars.

The postage of this Magazine is three quarters of a cent for 100 miles, and one cent and a quarter only for the greatest distance. By special decision of the Post-master General.

Removal.

P. J. GORNER

Respectfully informs the citizens of the Borough of Marietta and the public in general that he has removed his

Chair Manufactory

to the new building lately built by James Steele, in the Market Square, next door to J. J. Libhart's Eagle Hotel, where he has on hand a general assortment of finished

Windsor Chairs, Settees, &c.

all of which he will dispose of on reasonable terms for *cash*.

Marietta, April 17, 1834.

Dissolution of Partnership.

The partnership heretofore existing between ESTERLE and CAROTHERS, Clock and Watch makers, Marietta, was dissolved on the first day of January last, by mutual consent.—Those having claims against said firm are requested to present them to G. K. Carothers for payment, and those indebted will please make payment to him.

JOHN ESTERLE.
G. K. CAROTHERS.

Marietta, February 22, 1834.

The subscriber informs his friends and the public that he has removed to the house lately occupied by J. Graybill, Esq. where he will continue the business of

Watch and Clock Making,

in its various branches. An assortment of *JEWELRY, WATCHES AND TIME-PIECES* will be constantly kept on hand.

GEORGE K. CAROTHERS.

Marietta, April 17, 1834.

Job Printing

EXECUTED AT THIS OFFICE.

Valuable Property

For Sale.

The Subscriber offers at Private Sale, the large and commodious

Brick Dwelling House,
AND LOT OF GROUND,

n the Borough of Marietta, now occupied by him as a Store and dwelling house. The property is situated on the South East corner of Market Square, very advantageous for doing public business, the Lot is under the best improvement, being supplied with a well of never failing water, a good cistern at the back door, good stabling, and all kinds of fall and summer fruit. Also, an adjoining

House and Lot of Ground,

in the Market Square.

Persons wishing to view the above described property, are requested to call on

JAMES STEEL.

Marietta, Feb. 6th, 1834.

LIBHART'S HOTEL

and Stage Office,
Corner of Gay & Front Streets, Marietta.

THE Subscriber returns his thanks to a generous public for the favors he has hitherto received, and respectfully announces to his customers and others, that he still continues to occupy that well known stand—the house has lately undergone considerable repairs, improvements and alterations, so as to render it more completely a home for the traveller.

The house is spacious and contains twenty-four rooms, two of which are private Parlors, and fitted up in good style for the accommodation of private parties. The above establishment enjoys one of the most advantageous situations in the place, being located in the centre of business, and commands a fine prospect of the river and its scenery.

The subscriber intends devoting his unremitted personal exertions in conducting the above establishment, and hopes by this assiduity and attention to merit that patronage so liberally extended to him heretofore, and for which he hereby makes his most grateful acknowledgements.

B. LIBHART.

Feb. 7, 1833.

James Noble,

Auctioneer and Vendue Crier

Offers his services to the people both in TOWN AND COUNTRY, and would be thankful for a share of public patronage.

References as to capability, enquire of
BENJAMIN LIBHART,
RIEB & LIBHART,
DAVID WALKER.

Marietta November 30, 1833.

C. Inhofe.

Respectfully informs his friends and the public generally that he has removed directly opposite to his former stand and a few doors below John Clements tavern, where in addition to his former stock he has received a fresh supply of

Groceries, Liquors, and Confectionary,

with various other articles in his line all o which will be sold low for cash.

Marietta, April 10, 1834.

Office of the Susquehanna Bridge and Bank Company,

BALTIMORE, February 23d, 1833.

THE President and directors of this Company have adopted the following rates of interest to be allowed on Deposites of money at this Office, viz:—

On Deposites payable *Ninety* days after demand.	5 pr. cent per annum
On Deposites payable *Thirty* days after demand,	4 per ct. per annum
On current Deposites, subject to be checked for at the pleasure of the Deposites, ☞ to such persons as may request it.	3 per cent per annum
On weekly Deposites, which may be withdrawn on the first day of January or first day of July in each year, at which periods the Interest on said Deposites will be payable.	5 per cent

Certificates are issued for all *special* Deposites.

Collections are made on most of the principal towns, where Banks are located, in the several states.

Discount days *Wednesdays* and *Saturdays*.

On Saturdays the Office is open for business until 5 o'clock in the afternoon. By order,

W. E. COALE, CASHIER

March 14 1833.

Rathvon and McClellan,

Tailors.

Respectfully make known to the citizens o Marietta, and vicinity, that they have entered into co-partnership in the above business, under the firm of "RATHVON and McCLELLAN," in the lower room of the building occupied by Joseph Bucher, in Market Street, Marietta, nearly opposite J. H. Goodman's, and a few doors west of D. Ferree's store. Those who may have confidence, and favour them with their patronage, may rely on having work done expeditiously, and in the most

Durable and Fashionable Style,

as arrangements have been made to receive, as early as possible, the latest and most approved fashions.

S. S. RATHVON, from several months recent experience in Philadelphia, flatters himself that they will be enabled to give general satisfaction.

S. S. RATHVON, would also beg leave to tender his greatful acknowledgments to the public for their liberal encouragement bestowed upon him when formerly in business, and solicits a continuance of that liberality to the firm.

NOTICE.

Wanted on loan for a term of years, by the Corporation of Marietta,

$700.

Proposals received by
S. D. MILLER, Chief Burgess.

Marietta, April 17, 1834.

LUMBER Yard.

In the Eastern part of Marietta.

J. GROSH.

GRATEFUL for past favors, informs his old customers, and a generous public, that he still continues to keep on hand and at his old stand, LUMBER of every description, among which are.

White and Yellow Pine Boards,

and Plank, 30 and 24 inch Shingles, Joists Rafters and Scantling from 10 to 40 feet long and from 3 by 4 to 7 by 8 inches thick.

Hewed Timber,

of several lengths and sizes. Ready made and rough Locust Post, Pine and Hemlock Rails, Hogshead and Barrel Staves.

Also STONE COAL, of the best quality by the ton. All of which he is determined to sell low for CASH, or approved short credits.

Marietta, July 18, 1833.

Lumber YARD.

THE SUBSCRIBER respectfully informs his friends and the public generally, that he has in addition to his former stock of lumber a large assortment of long timber, Joist, Scantling, and Rafters: Timber from 10 to 50 feet in length, Joist from 10 to 22 feet, scantling from 10 to 24 feet, Rafters from 10 to 27 feet, iall of which he offers for sale at the current prices—between two and three hundred thousand Shingles at a reduced price.

JAMES MEHAFFEY.

Marietta, Jan. 31, 1833.

A. M. Beatty,

AUCTIONEER and VENDUE CRIER.

Respectfully informs the people generally both in Town and Country, that he continues to attend to the above business and may be found by inquiring of *Samuel McKinney* in Front Street Marietta.

References as to capacity enquire of
WILLIAM CHILD,
SAMUEL HOPKINS.
JOHN H. GOODMAN,

October 12, 1833,

COFFEE HOUSE HOTEL.

No. 38, SOUTH STREET, BALTIMORE.

THE SUBSCRIBER thankful for the encouragement that he has received, from his friends and the public since he commenced the above establishment, respectfully informs them that he still continues at the same place, and hopes by his attention to the comforts of his Guests to merit a share of their patronage.

JOHN S. BAKER.

March 7, 1833.

GOODS

selling off at first cost for cash.

The subscribers having determined to close their business in this place as soon as possible, would call the attention of the public to their EXTENSIVE assortment of MERCHANDIZE which they are now offering for sale at first cost. C. HERTZLER & WILSON.

Marietta Sept. 5th, 1833.

Notice.

ALL persons in any way indebted to the subscribers are hereby respectfully notified to come forward and discharge their respective accounts immediately, or abide with the consequences. ALSO persons having claims against the firm are requested to present them for settlement.

HERTZLER & WILSON.

Sept. 5. 1833.

Dissolution of Partnership.

The co-partnership in the Hatting business, heretofore conducted under the firm of "BARR and CASSEL," of Marietta, is this day dissolved by mutual consent. Those having claims against the firm are requested to present their accounts for payment to A. N. Cassel, and all those indebted to the firm are required to make payment to said Cassel, who is authorized to receive all outstanding debts due the firm.

JOHN BARR,
A. N. CASSEL.

Marietta, January 4th, 1834.

A. N. CASSEL,

Respectfully informs his friends and the public that he has taken, and will continue the Hatting establishment heretofore conducted under the firm of Barr and Cassel.

January 4, 1834.

HARDWARE,

Drugs, Paints, Oils and

DYE STUFFS.

The subscriber still continues to keep, an has on hand a good supply of

DRUGS, PAINTS, OILS, GLASS, DYE STUFFS, AND SHOP FURNITURE,

which he offers on the best terms to those who will favor him with their custom.—Also, a general supply of

PATENT MEDICINES,
GROUND SPICES
Mahogony Venires,
Swaim's Celebrated Panacea,

for the cure of Scrofula or King's Evil, Mercurial diseases, Rheumatism and all disorders arising from a bad state of the blood; this medicine has been recommended by the best Physicians of Philadelphia. All orders will be thankfully received and particular pains taken that no accidents or mistakes may occur. A liberal discount will be allowed to Physicians and wholesale dealers.

J. T. ANDERSON,

Marietta, Jan. 23, 1834.